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JOURNEYS:

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through history, theory and practice

Professor Jonathan Holmes formally retired this year after thirty-seven years of dedicated involvement at the Tasmanian School of Art. This exhibition, with its accompanying catalogue, celebrates his considerable contribution to the School, the University of Tasmania and the national visual arts community.

Jonathan Holmes commenced teaching at the Tasmanian School of Art in 1974, and was heavily involved in the School's Gallery Committee from the beginning. In the formative years when the School was still on Mt. Nelson, he contributed directly to the exhibition program through a Fourth Year Theory unit which directed and mentored students in developing and realising curatorial projects. Through these projects the School established working relationships with a number of private commercial galleries around the country. The Gallery had also established itself as part of a national touring network. The early foundation of those established links with other public and private institutions has been pivotal in giving the gallery its

ongoing kudos and ability to draw from a national pool. What commenced as a pragmatic extension of teaching practice – to provide students with a direct encounter with contemporary art practice – transformed into a series of major researched curatorial projects.

For Jonathan Holmes, curatorial projects have provided him with an alternative forum to develop a working praxis between history, theory and practice, as an adjunct to his teaching and the much broader discussion of the nexus between these three within a studio-based art school. At the Tasmanian School of Art it is an assumption that there is a symbiosis between these, and this is due in a very great degree to Jonathan's advocacy; elsewhere it can be very different!

He has worked with a vast number of artists over this period on a broad range of curatorial projects. The full list is included within this catalogue.

The ten artists selected for this exhibition have all had some prior involvement with him and the School, either as participants in exhibitions, artists in residence, as colleagues or as students. Each represents a specific journey that weaves a particular personal interplay of history, theory and

practice – a synthesis that Jonathan Holmes has espoused and advocated throughout his distinguished teaching, research and administrative career. I have also worked with each of these artists before, so I felt it not too presumptuous to ask each to write a backgrounding narrative rather than the usual artist's statement. Hopefully, an anecdote that recounts or alludes to a eureka moment or epiphany will give great insight to their work.

Pat Brassington weaves her way through the uncanny and the psychological, deconstructing photomedia in the process; Stephen Bush constructs narratives and deconstructs painting; Domenico de Clario keeps denying order while creating evermore elaborate interconnections; Julie Gough keeps running, but never in a straight line, searching for identity; Ian Howard interrogates the boundaries and endeavours to break the physical and mental barriers; Donna Marcus continually renews and refreshes the discarded domestic object; Brigita Ozolins traces and obsessively circles key texts in search of greater clarity; Julie Rrap constantly journeys through and around her own body [and feminism], forcing us to confront our own; Guan Wei moves his large body ever so delicately through a minefield of delicate porcelain incendiaries, and Elizabeth Woods manages to embed herself into a 'foreign' community, and

facilitate a wonderful creative synthesis [but sometimes systems fail!].

I have collaborated with Jonathan on many gallery-based projects over the last thirty or more years. It has been an immensely rewarding and enlightening experience. It has been a flexible partnership, but one in which I have tended to concentrate on the works and their installation, and left the articulation of the theory to him. I have again called upon the assistance of a few other essayists – Ross Gibson, Edward Colless and Brigita Ozolins – to add their individual narratives to the overlay of history, theory and practice in a discussion of the visual arts, and lend their support in marking Jonathan's remarkable achievement with this catalogue publication and the accompanying exhibition.

Paul Zika
Curator

A DEBT OWED ...

JONATHAN
HOLMES

A thumbnail portrait is on my desktop screen as I write this – the figure in the *carte de visite* image sits there like a rather stern sentinel next to my hard disk icon; my reminder that his account and that of a number of others, who have been gathered up on the journey, is long overdue.¹ I first met Gustave Planche [1808-1857] in 1970 in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the renowned nineteenth century French journal of arts and letters, in the pages of which this French critic plied much of his art and literary criticism. Although no modernist, Planche's descriptive power brought the art of mid-century France to life, not just in his Salon reviews but also in his other critical writings, particularly in the pages of the journal *L'Artiste* between 1830 and 1857. Later I found a pristine paperback copy of the two volume study of Gustave

Planche by Maurice Regard [1955]² and slitting open each of the uncut pages revealed dozens of Planche's letters: I became totally absorbed in his world. It was gripping stuff.

Planche lived for the most part in penury through the second revolution of the printing industry and the mechanisation of the printing press in the first half of the nineteenth century. This revolution occurred hand-in-hand with the establishment of universal education in France and the exponential expansion of newspapers and journals that fed a voracious French reading and viewing public. He also witnessed two political revolutions in his lifetime – revolutions that would transform not just political systems but the social fabric and culture of France. He was a friend of George Sand and Frederick Chopin and had more than a passing acquaintance with Eugène Delacroix. He was thus a witness and, as a writer, a key player in the battles of the Romantics and Classicists. This was a world I wanted to know about.

It was to be twenty years before I finished my dissertation focused on his art criticism and more particularly his ferocious critique of the French art establishment – dominated by the Académie des Beaux Arts and its vice-like control over

both art education and the public exhibition of the visual arts in the mid-century. Planche introduced me to an art world that utterly captured my imagination and from 1970 onward I found myself being lured back to Paris whenever the opportunity became available. It wasn't just the museums and the architecture, although Paris can lay claim to some of the very best and they were a constant stamping ground; as I gradually familiarised myself with the arcane workings of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France in the 1970s and 1980s, while all of it was still on the old rue de Richelieu site, so a journey to the centre of Gustave Planche's world began to unfold. It first took me to the vast, domed reading room, designed by Henri Labrouste in the 1860s where, once one had got used to the vagaries of the paper catalogue system and had ordered one's books for the day, one waited patiently for the tomes to arrive, reflecting on who might have occupied your place in times gone before; and, after being steeped in nineteenth century literature and art criticism all day, the walk to the bus allowed a meander through arcades and streets that barely seemed to have changed since Planche's time. The research became a lived experience – the charcuteries, the boulangeries, the boucheries chevalines [horsemeat butchers], the raucous cafés, the rank-smelling pissoirs that crowded into the library precinct brought the sights, the smells and the sounds of the period to life. This

was the kind of Paris in which Planche lived and in which he died in 1857 – an excruciating death by gangrene, brought on by picking a troublesome corn on the sole of his foot.

Gradually, as I became more familiar with the reading rooms in the vast library, so I found my way first to the Salle des Journaux and eventually to the Département des Estampes et de la Photographie where many of the original catalogues and exhibition ephemera from the period were housed. By 1986 the Department's reading room had become one of my favourite work spaces, tucked away in the back of the Richelieu site overlooking the rue Vivienne. And it was on the last day of a three month period of study in 1986-1987 that I found that portrait of Gustave Planche. It was on a microfilm of hundreds of anonymous portraits that, serendipitously, I had been scrolling through after I had found a reference to another portrait of a colleague of his on that same microfilm. It was one of those moments that are almost impossible to describe. Planche began writing before photography was invented and died just before the vast expansion of the medium that occurred in the 1860s, and the only images that I had seen of him were drawings, a caricature by the cartoonist, Benjamin, and a relief portrait by his friend, the sculptor, David d'Angers. The frisson that accompanied the moment of recognition was electric – it felt like a dramatic

gestural underscore – as if, at last, something had, albeit fleetingly, been revealed. It was as if the research project had suddenly come alive. Later that experience helped to explain a passage of writing from the same period by Charles Baudelaire, his beautiful poem, *À une passante*, in which the poet reflects on his encounter with a stranger, a widow in mourning clothes, as he wanders the streets of Paris. In the third stanza he writes:

Un éclair... puis la nuit! — Fugitive beauté
Dont le regard m'a fait soudainement renaître,
Ne te verrai-je plus que dans l'éternité?
Charles Baudelaire, 'À une passante'. *Les Fleurs du Mal*

A lightning flash... then night! Fleeting beauty
By whose glance I was suddenly reborn,
Will I see you no more before eternity?
William Aggeler [trans]. *The Flowers of Evil* ³

So much is captured in those three lines: that moment of recognition, of *knowing*, that then passes into darkness; and yet, before the light goes, the poet, the writer, has conveyed an image of lived experience, of insight, that is both profoundly enriching and confounding.

The account I owe to Gustave Planché is now long overdue: there's definitely an essay to be written on the French Académie des Beaux Arts and his critique of its influence [before the light goes] but along the journey it has also opened up a treasured world of art that has fuelled my writing over the years and, it's to be hoped, given something of a context to many of the exhibitions and publications to which my colleague and friend Paul Zika refers in the introduction.

Jonathan Holmes

1 Two other unpublished essays concerning portrait photography in France in the 1860s are also sitting on the desktop waiting to be revised. Titled "Nadar's tassel chair and other studio props" and "The curious alcove of M. Dallemagne", they are studies of the impact of the photographic studio in establishing the conventions of portrait photos in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

2 Regard, Maurice [1956] *L'Adversaire des Romantiques, Gustave Planche, 1808-1857*, Paris: Nouvelles Editions Latines

3 Aggeler, William[1954] *The Flowers of Evil*, Fresno, CA: Academy Literary Guild

Stephen Bush *Col du Galibier*, 2004



To pinpoint a singular moment of clarity or enlightenment about one's artistic practice seems impossible. Work, logic, memory, it is all just a jumble. As to my thoughts: watching Werner Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo*, and then years later, discovering that memory while listening to Caruso, which begins to blur with some off-key, messed-up narrative penned by Will Oldham that recalls slick, 1970s West Coast session musos, their sound leaches into the background of the gritty mis-en-scène in the New Jersey woods where Chris and Paulie, stranded and confused, spend the night sheltering in an abandoned van. The slippage between success and failure, integrity and commercial reality, the venerated, and as history will tell, the syrupy work of a grand Victorian artist whose inventiveness pales in comparison to the posthumous brilliance of the isolated hermit. Gilbert Stuart's unfinished portraits of George Washington—repeated over one-hundred times, and at speed, to avoid creditors—in the end, all potboilers. Teetering on the edge of fame, Stuart's pupil John Vanderlyn, recipient of the Napoleon prize, sets out with frivolous dedication to depict grand vistas that are meant to awe and inspire viewers; his efforts leading him to complete financial, and for a time, artistic ruin. Sitting on a jetty in the cold winter light listening to Dominic Chianese's spotty, yet ever so wholesome, version of "Core 'N Grato". His rendition, replete with colour and depth, seduces and expresses aurally that something, despite Herculean efforts, which painting visually cannot. Orange. It's a special moment opening a fresh can of fummy, glossy, slinky enamel...all that possibility. Somewhere within this stew, moments appear.

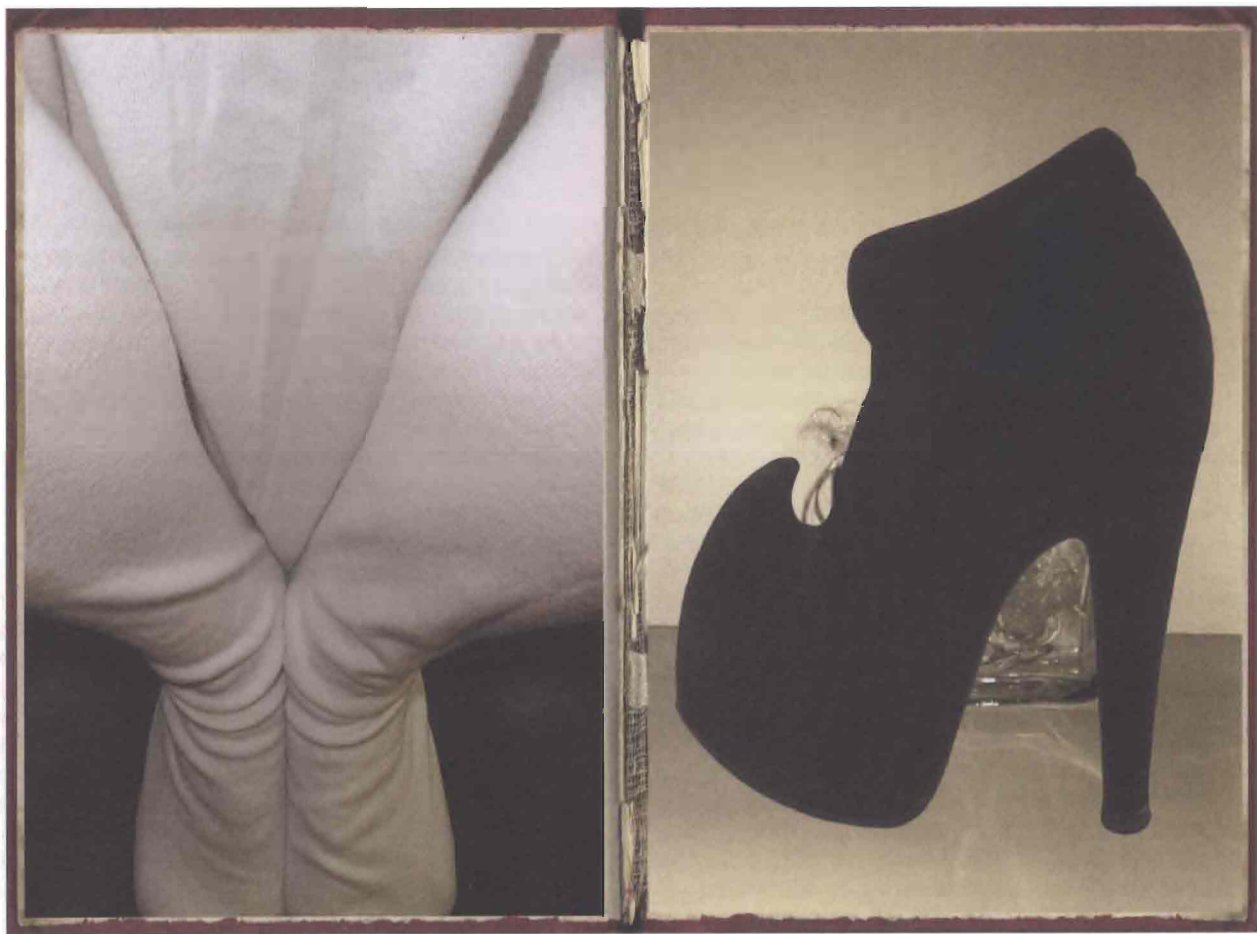
His art has been included in the exhibition, *Black & Blue: Contemporary Art*, at the *Black & Blue: Contemporary Art* exhibition, (John Jay College, 1998) and the *American Artists in Paris, 1945-1960* (2001).

© 2001 Stephen Bush

The artist is represented by Norton Gallery, Media Arts

I heard thumping overhead, a hatch in the lift's ceiling opened and two rubber boots appeared followed by a uniformed smiling man. He opened a hatch in the floor, gave a thumbs-up and disappeared down the hatch.

Before the panic returned the lift shuddered and jerked its way to the third floor where the door was opened by the Store Manager. I cut his profuse apologies short to explain that the experience had turned me off my purchases. Over a cup of tea, a compliant Store Manager took the shopping bags and cancelled the credit card transactions. I could start again or reconsider the whole matter in a day or two.



THE LANGUAGE FACTOR

*Around us, everything is writing; that's what we must finally perceive. Everything is writing.*¹

My journey has essentially been a journey through language – Latvian came first, then English, followed by some German, a little French and a tiny bit of Ancient Greek [all these languages were also well represented in my father's library]. It is *through* language that my conception of my self has been formed. I *think* differently when I speak Latvian than when I speak English – and sometimes I can even *feel* the part of my brain that is trying to find a lost German or Greek word. When I was a child, I thought that everyone spoke two languages – Latvian at home, and English in public – and I was perplexed when I discovered this wasn't the case. I also developed a great love of books from a very early age and couldn't wait for the day I would be able to decipher the strange symbols on the pages of my father's collection. Like Borges' library of Babel, the universe itself seemed contained within his books. It was not surprising then, that when I first seriously started to make art, I was naturally drawn to ideas about language, and the mysteries and complexities associated with the book and the word. The book and the word are powerful cultural symbols and my exploration of them as an artist has enabled me to travel both physically and conceptually to extraordinary places.

In 2001, on my very first overseas residency, I went to London to visit some of the great libraries of the world. I gasped as I stood in the entrance to the newly renovated Reading Room in the British Museum, the original home of the British Library and the very place where great minds such as Virginia Woolf, Charles Darwin, Aldous Huxley, Evelyn Waugh, Karl Marx, Ezra Pound and Bertrand Russell sat and read and recorded their ideas. As I gazed upwards, I could almost hear the rumble of their words and thoughts whirling around the heavenly dome of the circular room. And then, when I was given a personal tour of the Bodleian Library at Oxford University by the head archivist, I was beside myself with excitement. We explored the glorious Duke Humphrey's Library, the Arts End and the Selden End, and then disappeared underground into long tunnels that connect the three main Bodleian libraries and enable books from the stacks to be sent to the various reading rooms. The books are transported by an incredible Victorian mechanical system, a creature made from cogs, wheels, conveyor belts and metal arms that clank and groan relentlessly as it delivers its goods. Order slips for books are fed into metal capsules that are sped to the stacks through miles of tubing using compressed air. The archivist and I stood still for a moment and listened as the capsules whizzed by overhead – I was completely mesmerised. But my very favourite library was

at Cambridge University, the building designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, also responsible for the iconic British telephone booth. The architecture is stark and weighty and the reading rooms are accessed down seemingly endless corridors: the West Reading Room, the Map Room, the Stacks along the North and South Fronts... I nicknamed this library the War Office and couldn't help thinking of the Cambridge spies.²

This love of books and libraries and systems that sort all the knowledge we have accumulated goes hand in hand with my interest in the conceptual art movement and post-structural thinkers such as Barthes, Cixous, Rorty, Foucault and Deleuze and Guattari. The artists have influenced my strategic approach to making art, and the writers have helped me understand the complexities and paradoxes inherent in our relationship to language. On the one hand, language enables us to describe ourselves, our thoughts, our ideas and our place in the world; but on the other, it is not a mirror of reality – I may mean what I say, but I don't necessarily say what I mean. Rorty tells us that rather than *reflecting* the world and our subjective sense of being within it, language *constructs* our individual consciousness and our understanding of the world. Knowledge, truth and the reality that we experience are thus *made* rather than found.³ And Foucault said that the being of man and the being of

language have never been able to successfully coexist.⁴ Language is beautiful and complex and mysterious, but it is not an accurate reflection of the world. It is this paradox that underpins my art practice. As a result, I'm also interested in conveying the coexistence of opposing and contradictory states – order and mystery, beauty and anxiety, the sayable and the unsayable and, in particular, the simultaneous promise and denial of meaning.

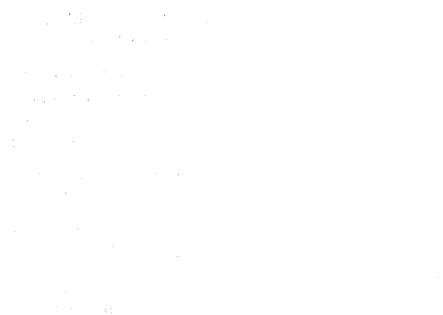
In 2008, I went on a journey that helped me better understand and *experience* the very roots of my fascination for language. I travelled to Eastern Europe to follow my mother's escape from Soviet and German occupied Latvia at the end of WWII, to Australia. The journey took me through Latvia, briefly into Russia, and then to Poland, Germany and Italy, ending at the Bonegilla migrant camp near the Victoria-New South Wales border.⁵ Shortly after my arrival in Riga, the capital of Latvia, I took a walk along the waterfront, making my way into the old town. It was raining lightly, so everything was a little misty and I remember becoming acutely aware of the voices of passers by. I heard Russian, Latvian, German and Dutch, but no English. As I listened to these languages, I was suddenly overcome by an odd sensation, as if I didn't physically belong either in Riga or in my body. My sense of self was not the same as my sense of

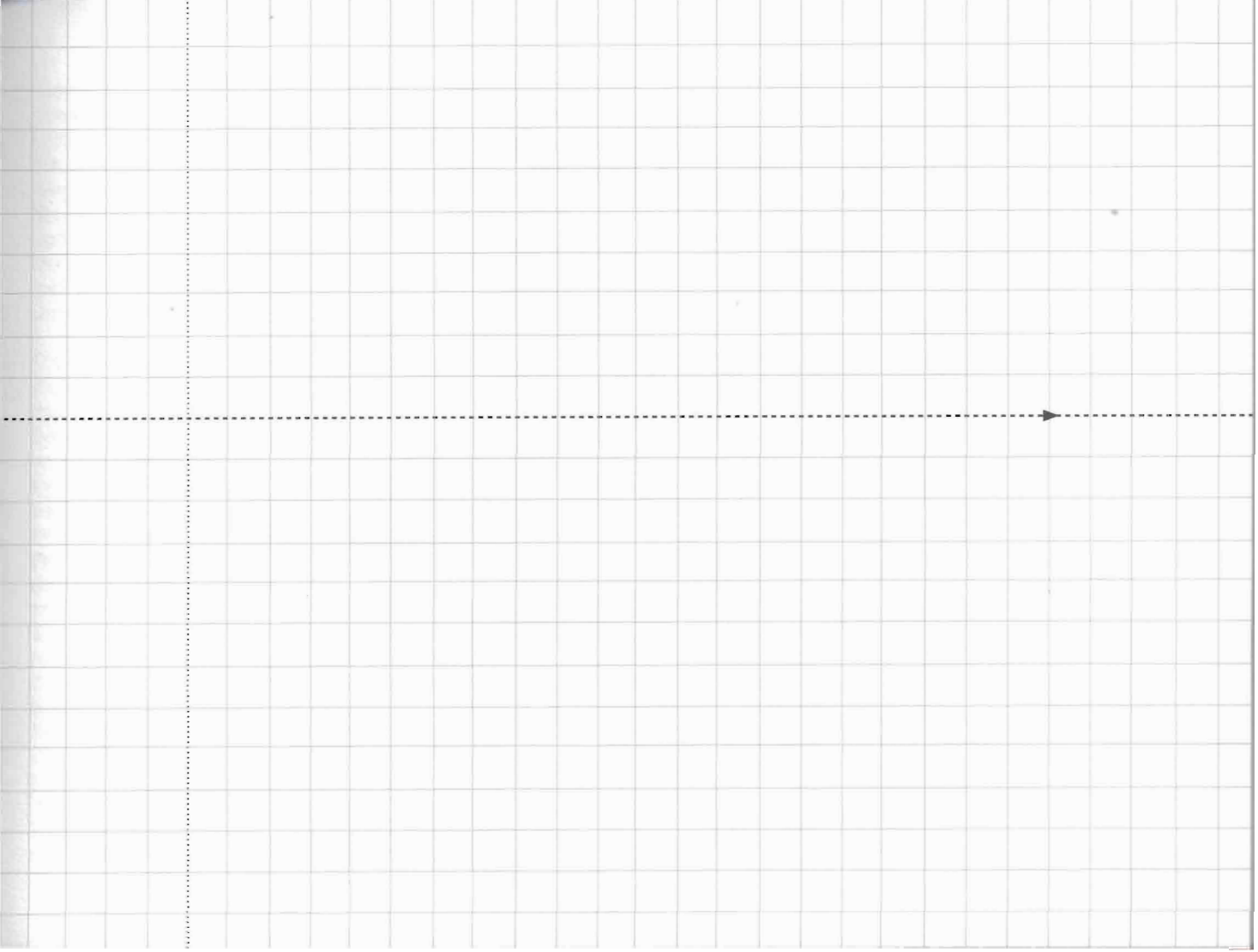
self in Australia. Here, in Riga, I spoke differently – clumsily – without a true command of the language [or should I say, languages, because in Riga, close to fifty percent of people speak Russian]. I realised then how significant it is to have command over language. With that command, you have command over yourself; without it, you become powerless. The idea is nothing new, of course – it's a key principle in post structural thinking – but at that moment, my understanding of the concept that language and power go hand in hand was epiphanic.

I want to end by relating a story about a beginning. When my mother first boarded a train to escape Latvia in 1944 at the age of 17, she met a young man who gave her a book called *Pedejais Pagrieziena*, which translates roughly as *The last bend in the road*. It was a romantic novel about racing car drivers and my mother enjoyed it very much. My mother and the young man became rather fond of each other during their three day train journey, but when they reached the port of Liepaja, they had to go their separate ways and never saw each other again. My mother can't remember the young man's name, but she does remember that he was travelling with a large sack full of books. Her family had one suitcase and a box of food with them, but this unknown young man was fleeing the country with a small library.

Brigita Ozolins

Lecturer in Fine Art, Tasmanian School of Art,
University of Tasmania







Escape Artist: Castaway brings together two iconic sets of imagery based on two enduring myths: Gericault's *Raft of the Medusa* and Marilyn Monroe from *The Seven Year Itch*. Historically, images of rafts signify desolation, danger, destitution, hope, loneliness and safe harbour: images of the screen goddess, such as Monroe, invoke a similar set of signifiers. More than any other star, the myths surrounding Monroe represent her as lost, adrift, without anchor. In such shifting worlds identity is projection and circumstance; uncertain and fluid.

The *Escape Artist* is a peripheral character; a dreamer distracted from the realities of life; elusive and shady; perhaps irresponsible. A castaway is a shipwrecked person, stranded literally or metaphorically; a person between; an outcast, a drifter; or even a reprobate. Employing the agency of the trickster I have mobilised these personas to displace perception and meaning, cross boundaries, and gain re-empowerment through subterfuge. The characters on the raft of the *Medusa* and the persona of Marilyn are often depicted as tragic figures, each victims of a history that exploited and subjugated difference; the female as stereotype and an 18th century underclass as less economically and socially privileged. While sympathetic to liberating them from this condition, I was also interested to create new and productive connections that mobilised their positions from the immutable prison that history can create. My desire was to avoid the trap of creating binding personas and instead free both their representations and by extension, my own.

These performative re-enactments acted as a vehicle to mobilise identity as a much more empowered and fluidly

imaginative state and 'narrative' as a more open structure. This 'narrative' collision between Marilyn Monroe and the survivors of the *Raft* continues to unfold as both macabre and humorous: historically it was reported that the men aboard the *Raft of the Medusa* were reduced to acts of cannibalism to survive while in recent times Marilyn Monroe's famous dress in *The Seven Year Itch* was sold for \$US 4.3million!

What can art works do about calamitous events?

By reading history - the documented lives of real people; by visiting sites - the rocks, trees and buildings that stood witness; through synthesis - imagining the circumstances, feeling the pain, some semblance of a past reality is brought upon a place, picked up by its new air and wind, felt against the cheek by the people that now traverse there.

Felt or not will depend on the variables - the veracity of past activities, the joy or tragedy, the key-holds into past experience, the mechanisms of communication, the symbolic vehicles discovered and employed, all combine to carry a narrative that is there for the making and taking.

Whether at a ballistic missile silo or on a sandy beach, an individual's response will be the same - an odd intermixing of biology, psychology, consciousness and survival.

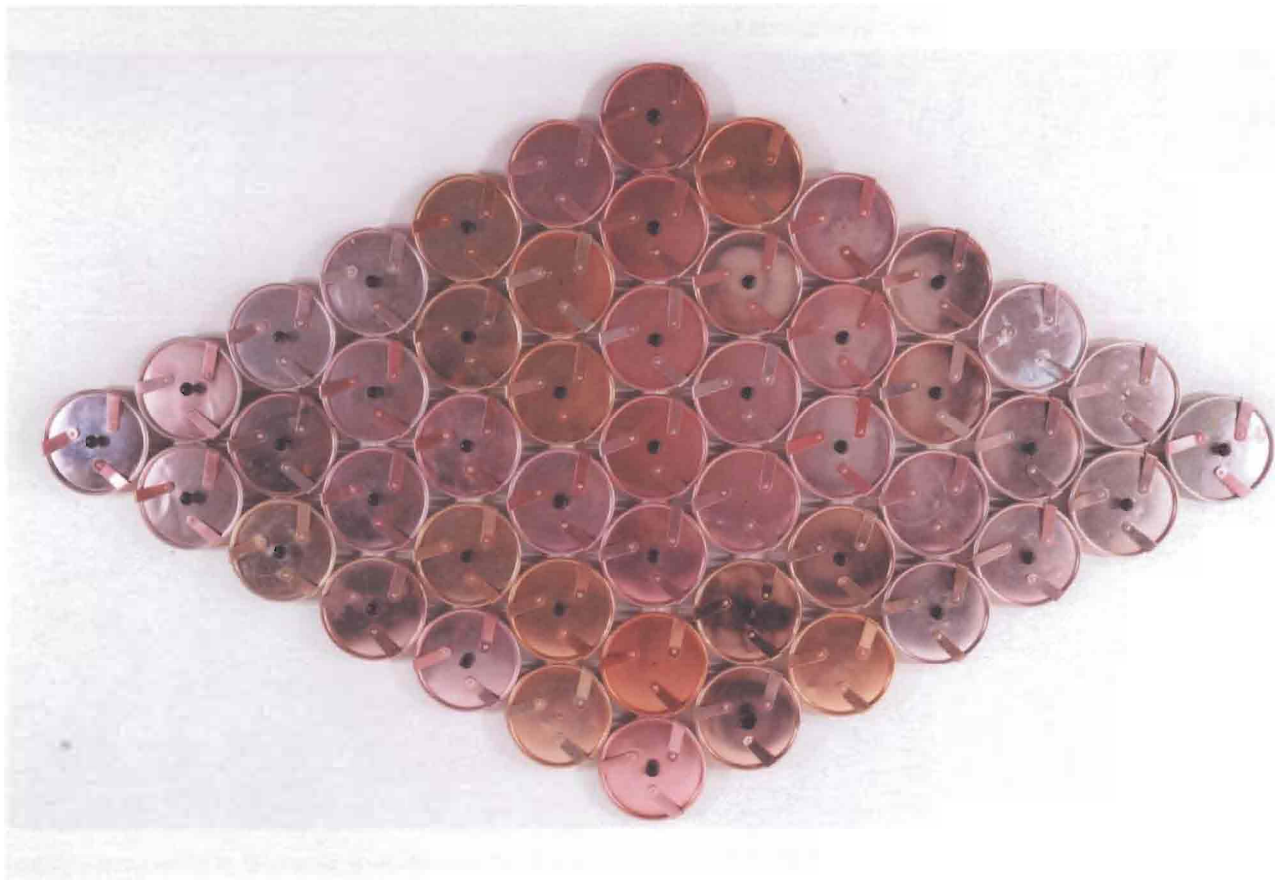
In Cormac McCarthy's book *Blood Meridian*, the murderous American scalp hunters are bemused by one amongst them, the 'judge'. He is more barbarous than the prevailing circumstances dictate, yet circumspect about his delicate relationship to the blood currency world that is the U.S./ Mexican/Indian divide of 1850. The world for him passes in so many days and nights, comprehensible as a design, but beyond any conceit of control. The judge commits sketches of tiny things into his notebook; the recorded images becoming the only substance in the entire universe.

Twenty years earlier, in Tasmania, a similar cataclysm swept throughout the land. British dogs, flour and maladministration,

straight off the ships of powerful convenience, stole every bit of aboriginal land and life. What can art works do about calamitous events? What images remain? Where might the necessary stories take us?

Ian Howard *Black Lines*, 2011





trains, boats, and planes, AND caravans, and jelly moulds and patty
cake tins and frying pan lids

reaching for a packet of blu-tac instead of a pencil, forms join, dissolve, the
spaceship consumes the jelly mould

the well-travelled frying pan lid tries to sit quietly in a cool minimalist grid but
cannot silence the banter of the scrap heap

so much stuff, tonnes of aluminium things, flown and grounded and
recovered, rich seams

THE THEORY DEMON AND THE MAD TRAVELLER

I taught a subject that was universally if obscurely called “art theory” for over ten years at the School of Art in Hobart; a period which, apart from a little spillage, was neatly packed into the decade of the 1990s. By the time I arrived in Hobart the “theory” word had been well established in art school pedagogy across the country, due to an enforced rehousing throughout the preceding decade of art schools from within colleges of advanced education to universities. I now fondly remember the suspicion if not resentment, fear and loathing occasioned by the word “theory” at that time. Its pariah status within, and parasitical injection into, art schools was undeniably awkward back then: but deserves to be celebrated now. Alas the word has nowadays been pacified, if not disowned. It’s time to reinvigorate its dark menace.

In the 1990s, theory could be quarantined within essay writing - usually reducible to a modified user-friendly form of art history that policed literacy levels of students. But its integration with studio activity at that time was imposed through a weirdly bureaucratic mantra that was, despite its seeming vacuity, shrewdly sophistic: that an art student’s practice ought to be “informed” by theory. This chant [used by artists more than theorists] bestowed an academic sanctity or absolution to a work of art, made possible because it strategically mixed up the word’s descriptive with its honorific significance. Descriptively, being “informed” refers to receiving information deemed appropriate to a situation. This information can take form as advice, instruction or mere data for which there’s no need to assure validity, only relevance to the matter at hand; and so, while this has restricted value as knowledge [the information sources can range from observable facts to hearsay to gossip or secret police files] there’s an evident connection with practical action, whether that’s picking up a paint brush or clicking a camera shutter.

In its honorific function, however, being “informed” implies something quite different: a prestige. It implies being “in the know”, being smart, canny; and this suggests initiation, erudition and scholarship. In these terms what actually

"informs" artistic practice can be anything at all - a course of academic study, a sporting interest, a perceptual mannerism, a sexual perversion; in short, a lifestyle preference or compulsion - since this is information given to the practical action of making art; as long as this assumes the rank of knowledge, if an impractical rather than practical knowledge. Being so "informed", artistic practice accumulates theory around it as an aura or halo of knowledge. What is still fascinating about the now obsolete phrasing of art being "informed by theory" is that the bureaucratic conformism of the unnameable "Informant" perversely yields "theory" as a spectral knowledge, with the demonic potency of the spectre. Alas what an opportunity for mayhem, for unleashing the dark arts, we missed!

We ought to keep this in mind these days, for by the time I left Hobart around 2000 the phantasmic lure of theory-informed art had been supplanted by an even more bureaucratic formulation of wider compass: research-driven art. Trying to define research in the visual arts has become throughout the past decade an educational consultative industry. Yet here, too, there's the opportunity for an exquisite perversion of institutional norms and discipline. For lurking within the research higher degree programs of art schools is a bogeyman deployed by the institutional idiom with

similar facile vacuity as was "the Informant", but whose potency remains politely unstated, indeed politically repressed: mastery. We disavow this term with the sort of timid superstition that the occupants of the Ministry of Magic, in *Harry Potter*, display toward Voldemort when they call him "you-know-who". So let us defy the bureaucratic protective protocols of the institutional discourse and christen this figure of our art schools' new research culture by its most dangerous manifestation as "the Master".

The Master of course alludes to the atelier tradition that art schools strive to hold to, in modified and depleted forms, politically corrected but exposing the withered state of that tradition. And nothing can be done to restore this institutional custom: its condition is incurable. The Masters degree, to be specific, is the atelier's Chernobyl: a prosthetic sarcophagus encasing interminable decay; for what else is this unmentionable name encrypted within the common usage of the Master's degree but the revenant, undead "Master" who haunts the art school, and what else is its mastery but a new form of "theory"? Postmodern culture was expertly described by Lyotard as the sceptical turn of disbelief in the master narratives that had fuelled modernist progressivism and vanguardism. But this scepticism was equally characterised by a disposition to mourning the loss of legitimisation

provided by that mastery of history: a mourning that became identified throughout the later 1990s with conspiracy theory [exemplified in Fox Mulder's plaintive slogan for *The X Files*, "I want to believe"] and in the early years of the new millennium with trauma theory and forensic aesthetics, from which perspective we might see *Bones* and *CSI* representing the task of mourning humanism. Yet, just as the corpses in *Bones* refuse to die by continuing as informants beyond their death, we ought to relinquish the obligation of mourning respected by postmodernity. Modernity continues as an informant beyond its death in its "alter-modern" resurrections. The Master returns as a vampiric parasite. Do not bemoan this fate: embrace its undead, unmanageable predatoriness as a perverse love object. Live dangerously. Love your Master, for it is your demon.

And is there not now a new claimant entering the scene? Perhaps a greater lover than the Master; certainly in battle with it, and perhaps beyond even the pedagogical and managerial horizons of research culture. The new demonic figure of "theory" will be the one who possesses not the capacity for secretive consecration of art conducted by the Informant, nor the voluble expertise and vampiric allure of the forensic Master, but instead one who possesses a hermetic knowledge - the academic prospect of which is aesthetics

as an occult science, or [obversely yet in no way symmetrical or commensurate] science as an occult aesthetics. What designation would we give this prophetic daemon but that of an equally unnameable legend that embodies the weird knowledge formulated in the visual arts PhD. When we are asked for its identity we can only call this new thing of theory "the Doctor"! Who? The Doctor, like its sci-fi exemplar, is not a *flaneur* but a *fugueur* or mad traveller, who collects [and disposes] travelling companions by appearing and disappearing within amnesiac fugue states. Feel free to accompany this *fugueur*; but beware: do not underestimate the madness of this Doctor's theory.

Edward Colless

Head of Critical and Theoretical Studies,
Faculty of Victorian College of the Arts,
University of Melbourne

'In mezzo di cammin di nostra vita...'
Dante Alighieri The Divine Comedy 1242

In June 1987 I turned forty. This significant signpost of a lived life seemed to coincide with a deep existential crisis I was experiencing regarding the various roles I was then attempting to fulfil, and probably all badly; the role of the artist, the academic, the father, the partner, the son...

The primary anxiety was generated by the deep dissatisfaction I felt with my relationship with the art world and with its values.

I decided that in order to celebrate my 40th birthday as a rite of passage from one life to another I would spend a couple of weeks somewhere alone, preferably surrounded by a large body of water. At the local travel agency I found a cheap deal to a remote little island in the Maldives where solitude would be guaranteed.

I bought a couple of books with me; D. T. Suzuki's *Zen Mind, Beginner's Mind* and a book by Ramana Maharshi, a Hindu holy man who had died in the late 1950s, simply titled *The Master Speaks*.

At the end of the ten days I had made up my mind; the world was overrun with an over-abundance of objects made anecdotally. Rather than add more to the endless pile the time had come to simply re-engage with what was already here, in the most meaningful way.

I thought I had then identified to my future practice; once I had accepted that the ultimate outcome of my own struggles as an artist would be inevitable mediocrity it seemed to me far more useful to instead be of service to the ideas of enormous merit already circulating in the world, the ideas and practices of Franz Kafka, James Joyce, Anna Akhmatova, Jorge Luis Borges, Emily Dickinson, Eugenio Montale, Georgia O'Keeffe, John Cage, Suzi Gablik, Hazrat Inayat Khan, Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi...

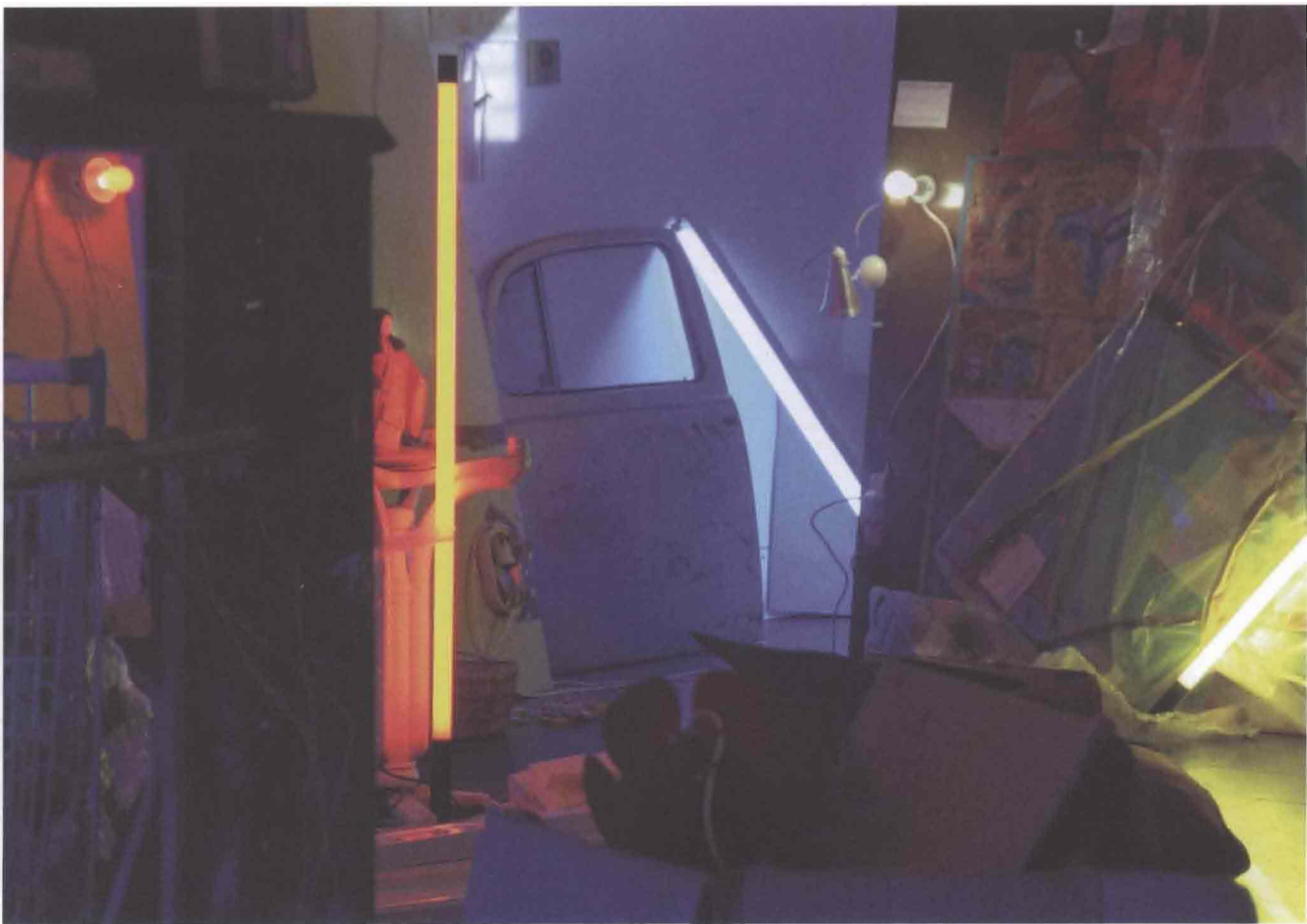
My method would be simple; light and sound would be the primary tools I would employ to manifest the ideas of the above.

But I realised that in the end what really interested me was architecture; architecture as an expression of various architectures inherent in texts, in ideas, inside sound, in social systems, literary practices, space and ultimately in its definition of the architecture of the body.

I left the island of Mayafushi on the evening of September 22, 1987.

The new moon seemed to suddenly appear then in a greenish sky.

Domenico de Chiaro *conversazioni con las estrellas*, 1973 – 2011 (from *Revisitations*,
La Trobe University VAC Gallery , Bendigo, 2011. Photo: Donna Bailey)





1944.gada 9.oktobrī mana
māte Mirdza Bērziņa kopā
ar vecākiem un jaunāko
brāli pameta Rīgu.

On 9 October, 1944,
my mother, Mirdza Berzins,
fled Riga with her parents
and younger brother.

I came to art later in life. I had studied the classics in the 1970s and librarianship in the 1980s and was working as an arts administrator for local government when my life took a sudden and totally unexpected turn – I fell head first onto concrete from a height of about 4 metres, an event that could easily have resulted in my death. But it didn't. It became, instead, a catalyst for rethinking the direction my life was taking and I found myself at the threshold of the extraordinarily world of art. I had always been 'good' at art and had continued to do a little painting and collage since leaving school, but after the fall, the desire to make art became a compulsion. I enrolled at the Tasmanian School of Art in 1995 and I knew, within a very short space of time, that I had found what I was looking for.

My first years at art school were punctuated by many epiphanous moments. I realised that art was not just about visual aesthetics – about mixing colours or applying paint in a certain way - and it was also not about the manifestation of an innate 'talent' or some indefinable creative impulse [although I do believe that some of the latter is an important ingredient]. Art, it became very clear to me, was about ideas. Of course, this sounds so very obvious - almost naïve - when I say it now, but at the time it was a profound revelation. It was also accompanied by an incredible sense of freedom. Art could be about anything and everything, and could incorporate anything and everything into itself, so all the things that I was passionate about – the book, the word, libraries, languages, history, bureaucracy and the great puzzle of identity - could be incorporated into my practice. I can't describe how exciting that revelation was to me... I have never looked back.

I first set foot on Australian soil in 1989, 18 years ago. Since then, I have lived and worked continuously in a coastal Australian city and, over this time, have developed a reasonable understanding of major elements that make up Australia's culture, including its colonial and migrant cultures. I have, however, only a feeling of curiosity, mystery and strangeness about aboriginal culture and the way in which the original inhabitants of this land once lived. In 2006, the 24 Hour Art Gallery in Darwin organised an art camp where five artists with migrant backgrounds and five local indigenous artists were invited to go deep into aboriginal territory and live outdoors, working together and exchanging ideas. This left a profound impression on me and led me to create this *A Mysterious Land* series.

During the three weeks that I spent in the camp, I got a sense of the rhythm of the day, from sunrise to sunset. I could tell when mosquitoes and flies would come and go. I even became able to identify the various birdcalls I heard in the middle of the night. In the last few days, I was able to sense my body and mind in harmony with nature. I worked during the day and was able to sleep at night without the tenseness and restlessness of the first days.

What particularly interests me here are the similarities between aboriginal culture and the Taoist philosophy of ancient China. According to Taoist philosophy, all living things have a spirit, heaven and mankind merge into one, and the great universe of nature and the small universe of man must find unity if people are to live harmoniously in the world.

extract from *A Mysterious Land*; exhibition catalogue, Arc One Gallery, Melbourne, 2007



NO SENSE OF AN ENDING

I think it was 1984. I was living in Sydney, co-editing a little self-funded magazine. I was not long back from London, where I'd recently submitted my PhD to finish seven university years endured and enjoyed in various places after I'd grizzled through secondary school in Bjelke-Petersen's Queensland. In Sydney there was squat-tenancy housing everywhere in the dilapidated CBD. The Laughing Clowns and the Birthday Party were playing regular gigs at the Trade Union Club. It was a time when so much was shifting, although we didn't know then that most of the shifts would be deeply reactionary.

Into this world, Jonathan Holmes dropped me a line. I'd never heard of him but here he was asking if I wanted to come to Hobart and take part in a forum of some kind. The invitation was an actual letter, affording a slow, week-long rhythm to our correspondence. From memory, the letter came via the

publisher of my first book. Or maybe through the magazine. How else could he have found me in those days? I wrote back accepting, and I didn't think much more about it in the intervening months, didn't think to test my quick assumptions about what the forum would entail.

I should supply some quick details to show how uncooked I was back then as I boarded the plane south. I was still in my twenties, trying to live outside the academy in an era when some dole officers, such as the folks at the Newtown branch in Sydney, would let your file snooze unchallenged if you could persuade them you were being useful while you scrounged a living from the fortnightly cheque. It seems astonishing now, but in those days more than a few of the case managers felt that writing or being in a band or doing volunteer work at Amnesty International was reason enough not to yank your snout out of the public trough.

You can see how I was trying to fashion a life as an independent intellectual. I was avoiding a proper salary because I assumed there were rules inside Australian academies [as there definitely were at the University of London] that were inflexible and way too constrained, rules determining what topics were valid to investigate or how

you were allowed to write, who you were supposed to quote, where you were meant to come from.

Full of ill-informed suppositions, I disembarked at the Hobart aerodrome. It wasn't really an airport back then, more like a big kiosk at the edge of a tarmac. I climbed down from the plane and strode through the sharp evening air, feeling completely grounded but also epically diminished under the huge sky. Next stop, Antarctica. The scale of every thing in the vast but close space was out of whack, in the best possible sense, in comparison to where I'd come from. Jonathan met me by the baggage drop and we liked each other immediately. He was smart and relaxed – a combination I'd rarely encountered in people holding down real jobs in the places I'd lived.

As we drove toward town through exhilarating light, we swapped easy talk – I remember it very clearly – about how the landscape wasn't just an academic concern in this place. Over the bridge we came and – t'daaaahh! – there was Mt Wellington, the sentinel.

With Jonathan beaming all the while, we went to look at the newly re-fashioned Art School. We spent an hour or so

appreciating the old structure and agreeing how apt it was to its new uses. Then we ambled across to a nook in the dock and boarded a tiny red ferry where, once the lovely craft had eased free of its tethers, the deckhand stowed the ropes and then sauntered behind a use-smoothed counter made from some gorgeous wood, where he served homecoming workers a snifter of brandy or a happy loose dram of whiskey. I remember thinking: having a job clearly doesn't have to be all bad.

Over at Bellerive, we strolled to the Holmes house, lit fires, made dinner with the family, talked lots about nothing and everything till it was time to retire. Jonathan explained how I could make my own way over to the Art School the next day, on the red ferry, with ample time to get ready for the Art Forum.

Which is what I did, arriving at the Art School with about thirty minutes to spare, a half-page of notes folded in my back pocket. Notes about landscape. Because that was what my first book was about. I had just a half-page of notes, you see, because I hadn't paid close attention when the invitation arrived, and I had assumed the Art Forum was just a small gathering of academics in a room. Eight or nine

people, let's say, ready to converse awhile once I'd offered some prompts. Jonathan took me to the room so I could prepare. We stepped into a big, ranked theatre where I got the chilly realisation that the Art Forum was a well-publicised public event and there were already forty or so people sitting and waiting, a full fifteen minutes before start-time. Which meant I had fifteen minutes to figure out how to speak for fifty minutes to a crowd at least ten times the size I'd anticipated.

This is one of the best things, vocationally defined, that has ever happened to me.

It panned out like this. There was no point in my going wobbly and explaining that I wasn't ready. No doubt the invitation-letter, in a file back in Sydney, had explained the scope and scale of the event [Yes. It did. I checked when I returned home]. So I had to sit quietly now, trusting that I really did know the topic I'd written a book about, first selecting in my head a single through-line of intrigue followed by an answering inquest. Then, concealing the panic, I fetched a fresh piece of A4 paper where I noted the intrigue and added five key-points of argument, peppered with four turning-points and a concluding quip. I put the lonely piece

of paper on the lectern, took some slow, deep breaths, watched the theatre fill up, and failed to hear a single word of Jonathan's introduction.

I say it's the best vocational thing that's happened to me because the generous circumstances let me discover something I'd never been trained for and never expected to know: you can hold and win a crowd if they can see firstly that you are taking a risk and secondly that you are equipped to survive the perils so long as your wit stays alight and you can brace invention with cohesion. Thirdly, you can bank on your cohesion if you talk about something you know, some topic that you have worked to own and that you can amble into without losing your bearings. I later came to understand it more glibly: people prefer you to talk with them rather than read to them. And if you are genuinely thinking it up as you go, genuinely pursuing the intrigue just a heartbeat ahead of the crowd and if you deploy some rhythmic and connective techniques drawn from classical rhetoric and the ancient art of memory [both of which I had studied in London], then the hour with the audience will be something compelling, something startling for you as well as for them. In other words, what you know is not a batch of content; rather

it is a way of thinking productively with a particular theme or set of puzzles; what you know is an active and generative process that you share with the audience.

I learned all this from that First Fabled Art Forum. The experience gave me a licence that I've traded on ever since. This isn't to say I knew everything I needed to know about public speaking after that first harried trial. For instance I didn't know a vital tip that experienced folks always offer: be aware that the adrenaline-burn will leave you almost out of your mind if you don't concentrate doubly hard during the question-time after you finish the long monologue. Recalling the Fabled First Art Forum, I have no memory at all of the question time. I presume I mumbled my way through it [Something occurs to me now as I write: there might be video of the performance! I don't want to see it. I've formed my self around the myth of the FFAF and I probably can't afford to test that self now]. All I remember is my amazement and exhilaration at realising that I had stumbled upon a way to be good at being an intellectual in public.

I told this story to an actor-friend, back in Sydney not long after the mythic event. She said: "Yeah, we call that 'going

on the journey' ... with every performance, no matter how many times you've played a particular role, you have to set out without really knowing how you're going to get there; you have to take the audience with you; you have to show them that they are in good hands even though none of you can see the way through to the end-point when you start ... you have to discover the way through together."

It's what Jonathan set up for me, perhaps unintentionally, so that I could find a way to do the work I wanted to do. He set up this experience of the investigative journey.

And here at last, gainfully employed almost three decades later, I have a chance to thank him.

Ross Gibson

Professor of Contemporary Arts,
Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney

When I was 17 years old I woke once in the middle of the night to find that I could not see my hand in front of me. I panicked - my life flashed before my eyes. Convinced that my sight was lost, I called for my mother. My mother stumbled and fell trying to reach me, and arrived at my bedside saying, "Do not worry my darling, you are not blinded. It is a power failure; a black out". This cinema changed my life. From the moment when I believed I was blind, another type of vision came into being deep within me; I refer to this as my inner sight. At that instant, I understood that before its possibilities were fully concretised or expressed, before its parts were judged as good or evil, the cosmos was pure creativity.

From then on I became a visionary artist and my life has been a spontaneous comprehension and aesthetic expression of the forces hidden within ordinary living. My process is not one of judgment, or critique, but a reflection upon my vision into the deepest possibilities of a cosmos which I experience as still being created. The poetic practices of my visionary art summon spiritual energies, revealing the true nature of all menial things to those who have yet to see and understand.

I have known JH 22 years. He always said that my work has a humorous side. What I have come to learn is that humour plays an important role in my art making. My humour allows me to be honest and sometimes the only way to make a serious point is to make a joke.



Elizabeth Woods / *I want to know what Art is*, 2011 (detail)



About ten years ago I decided to visit my great aunty up in Devonport. Back then my transportation was a Vespa, so this was more of an expedition than it would be by car. Leaving Hobart a little late, I rode and rode. Obligatory coffee stops notwithstanding, on such a trip by scooter the place envelops, its identity becomes mistily dreamlike, primordially linked to temperature changes and topography. My destination endlessly ahead, I became both one with the bike and the zones we were entering and leaving. In this hyper-sensitive state, places transform. Clearly not owned by their current names, their titular affiliations local and international are revealed as conceit and bluff, an imposition of colonial expansion and emigration anxiety. All the farmlands declared themselves by names alien to this place: Nugent, Inverhall, Glen Leith, Bicton, Pisa, Chiswick, Hutton Park, Camelford, Laburnum Park, Somercotes, Pituncarty, Ellenthorpe Hall, Morningside, Glen Morey, Skelton Castle, Malahide, Killymoon, Glenelg, Mt Ireh, Mona Vale, Rosedale, Cawood, Baskerville, Sherwood, Valleyfield, Brickendon, Leighlands. So too the suburbs and townships try to conceal their current location, instead mimicking motherlands that had cast out their undesireables: Glenorchy, Pontville, Ross, Campbell Town, Epping Forest, Perth, Longford, Westbury. Tasmania is kept estranged from its people by introduced names and arbitrary roads arterially forcing movement on particular pathways, some of which are dimensionally dangerous. One place caught me on that trip, where inexplicably night came too fast. The Forest gained ground around me, deep cold suddenly penetrated and without warning the lights flickered and the engine died. I coasted along in neutral trying to restart, no chance. The Forest had killed the bike, and seemed to be

claiming me. This was a pine plantation, another imposition unsuccessfully trying to conceal this island, but this Forest was more and remembered itself that night. Standing beside the Vespa, the drop to the forest too steep to push and hide the bike; pre mobile phone, I had no choice but to hitch-hike. Forty minutes brought by a man with ute who said no trouble to take me and the bike onto Devonport. He hoisted it on the back like a sack of potatoes. As we drove into my aunty's driveway, she came out, took one look at me, the man, the bike on the ute, and said "It was the Forest, wasn't it?"

Pat Brassington

The Pressings #1, #2, #3, #4, #5, & #6, 2011
 pigment prints
 each image 85 x 115
 Courtesy the artist and Stills Gallery, Sydney and Arc One
 Gallery, Melbourne

Stephen Bush

Col du Galibier, 2004
 oil on linen
 201 x 244
 Courtesy the artist and Sutton Gallery, Melbourne

Alabaster Welcome, 2008

oil and enamel on linen
 183 x 183
 Courtesy the Museum of Old and New Art [MONA]

Domenico de Clario

conversazioni con les estrellas [conversations with the sky],
 1973 – 2011
 mixed media
 dimensions variable
 Courtesy the artist and John Buckley Gallery, Melbourne

Julie Gough

Shadowland, 2011
 dual looped digital video
 Courtesy the artist and Bett Gallery, Hobart and Gallery
 Gabrielle Pizzi, Melbourne

Ian Howard

Black Lines, 2011
 pigmented wax on canvas
 157 x 265
 Courtesy the artist and Watters Gallery, Sydney

Donna Marcus

code iii, 2002
 aluminium
 120 x 120 x 10

360°, 2009
 aluminium
 164 x 100 x 5

plat du jour [after Escher], 2009
 aluminium
 195 x 170 x 10

dissolve, 2011
 aluminium
 190 x 117 x 4
 courtesy the artist and Dianne Tanzer Gallery + Projects,
 Melbourne

Brigita Ozolins

The book and the bridge, 2011
 mixed media
 dimensions variable
 Courtesy the artist

Julie Rrap

Death Mask, 1982
cibachrome print
image 37 x 24
Private collection

Puberty, 1984
cibachrome print
image 51 x 34
Private collection

Castaway, 2009
looped digital video
Courtesy the artist and Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney and
Arc One Gallery, Melbourne

Guan Wei

Untitled No 7, 1990
acrylic on canvas
87 x 46
Private collection

Little toys: round fan, 1990
acrylic on canvas
87 x 46
Private collection

Wunderkind No1, 1993
acrylic on canvas
87 x 46
Private collection

Test tube baby No16, 1993
acrylic on canvas
127 x 49
University of Tasmania Collection

A Mysterious Land No1, 2007
acrylic on canvas
[7 panels] 130 x 381
Courtesy the artist and Arc One Gallery, Melbourne

Buddha's Hand #1, #2, #3, #6, #7, #9, #11, #13, #16, 2010
acrylic on Card
each 25 x 30
Courtesy the artist and Arc One Gallery, Melbourne

Elizabeth Woods

I want to know what Art is, 2011
looped digital video
Courtesy the artist

JONATHAN HOLMES EXHIBITION COLLABORATIONS

1976-2011

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Catalogue of the University Collection*, 1976

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *China: Photographs* [introductory essay by Jonathan Holmes], 1977

Visual Arts Board, Australia Council *Made in Fitzroy* [essay by Jonathan Holmes] Sydney: 1978

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *New Art: Work by Peter Taylor, Marion Hardman, Gudrun Klix, Lutz Presser* [essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1982

Salamanca Festival Committee *Flights of Fancy* [introduction by Jonathan Holmes] 1982

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Sculpture - Painting: Works by Rodney Broad and Peter Stephenson* [introduction by Jonathan Holmes] 1984

Tasmanian School of Art Gallery *On Site: Installations by Tom Arthur, Julie Brown, Elizabeth Gower and Hossein Valamanesh* [curated by Paul Zika with critical essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1984

Chameleon Gallery *Terry O'Malley* [exhibition catalogue with introductory essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1985

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Mike Parr: Portage* [curated by Geoff Parr and Paul Zika with introductory essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1985

Plimsoll Gallery *Istoria: Peter Kennedy with John Hughes, Selected Works* [exhibition curated by Geoff Parr with critical essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1985

Plimsoll Gallery *Syllogisms: Drawing upon Fantasy and Function: work by John Smith, Olive Bishop, Nigel Helyer, Lorraine Jenyns, Peter Adams, Lutz Presser, Peter Taylor, Darani Lewers and Helge Larsen* [exhibition curated by Geoff Parr with essays by Geoff Parr, Jonathan Holmes and Rob Horne] 1987

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Photogenics: Works from the University Collection* [exhibition curated by Frances Butterfield with introductory essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1987

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Screenprint: Poster: Ray Arnold* [curated by Paul Zika with essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1987

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Contemporary works from the collection* [curated by Frances Butterfield with essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1988

Plimsoll Gallery *Paul Zika: Recent Work* [introductory essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1990

Plimsoll Gallery *The Inaugural Chair in Art: A Selection of paintings and colour transparencies from the last eight years' work by Professor Geoff Parr* [introduction by Jonathan Holmes; interview by Jonathan Holmes and Edward Colless] 1991

Plimsoll Gallery *Imants Tillers: A Life of Blank* [curated by Paul Zika with catalogue essays by Jennifer Slatyer and Jonathan Holmes] 1992

Plimsoll Gallery *To the Surface* [exhibition curated by Ray Arnold; essays by Peter Jackson and Jonathan Holmes] 1993

Plimsoll Gallery *Tell me a Story* [exhibition curated by Pat Brassington with essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1994

Plimsoll Gallery *Imagine Nature: Raymond Arnold, Rebecca Greenwood, Leigh Hobba, Anne MacDonald and David Stephenson* [edited by Peter Hay with essays by Tim Bonyhady, Simon Cubit and Jonathan Holmes] 1996

Plimsoll Gallery *Tangibility?* [curated by Paul Zika with essay by Jonathan Holmes] 1996

Plimsoll Gallery *Re: Search. Tony Bishop, Wilma Tabacco and Philip Watkins* [curated by Paul Zika with essays by Jennifer Marshall, Wilma Tabacco, Merryn Gates and Jonathan Holmes] 1997

Cradle Mountain Visitor Centre and Plimsoll Gallery *Excursive Sight* [curated by Ray Arnold with essay 'Breaking the Skin of Things' by Jonathan Holmes] 1997

Plimsoll Gallery *Rosamond: An exhibition of works by the recipients of the Rosamond McCulloch 4 month Studio Residencies, Cité Internationale des Arts, Paris 1991-1998* [curated by Mary Scott with essays by Mary Scott, Jonathan Holmes and Mary Knights] 1999

Plimsoll Gallery *Between Phenomena: the Panorama and Tasmania* [curated by Raymond Arnold with essay 'Bea Maddock; Terra Spiritus' by Jonathan Holmes] 2001

Plimsoll Gallery *Figure it: Recent work by Justine Cooper, Brigita Ozolins, Julie Rrap, Mary Scott, and Sally Smart* [with essays by Jonathan Holmes and Maria Kunda] 2001

Queensland College of Art, Griffith University *Transit Narratives* [curated by Jon Cattapan and Mostyn Bramley-Moore with the essay 'Am I or is Australia Far Away?' by Jonathan Holmes] Brisbane: 2002 [Toured to Italy]

Plimsoll Gallery *Painting Tasmanian Landscape* [curated by Paul Zika with the essay 'Sensation, Map, Detail: A reflection on landscape and art in Tasmania, 1975-2003' by Jonathan Holmes] 2003

Object, Centre for Australian Design and Craft *Design Island* [included the essay 'Some reflections on Craft and Design in Tasmania: the 1970s and the 1980s' by Jonathan Holmes] Sydney: 2004

Australian Galleries, Melbourne *Nature/ Culture Raymond Arnold Prints 1983-2004* [edited by Katherine MacDonald with the essay 'Walking into Art' by Jonathan Holmes] Melbourne and Washington, D.C.: 2005

Fremantle Arts Centre *Print Matters: Thirty Years of the Shell Fremantle Print Award* [edited by Thelma John; included Jonathan Holmes's 'An Uncanny Knack: Pat Brassington's Surrealist Quest'] Fremantle, W.A.: 2005

Plimsoll Gallery *Full Frontal* [curated and edited by Paul Zika with the essay 'Face à Face: Full-Frontal' by Jonathan Holmes] 2007

Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery *Leigh Hobba: The Space of Presence. Tasmanian Landscapes in Video and Sound, 1980-2007* [exhibition curated by Craig Judd with essays by Jonathan Holmes and Jeff Malpas] 2007

Plimsoll Gallery, *On a Roll* [curated and edited by John Vella with the essay 'The Great Collector' by Jonathan Holmes] 2008

Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery *Anne Ferran: in the ground, on the air* [curated by Craig Judd with essay by Geoffrey Batchen and interview between Anne Ferran and Jonathan Holmes] 2008

Plimsoll Gallery *The Arresting Image* [curated by P. Brassington and F. Lee with the essay "Suspense" by Jonathan Holmes] 2009

Carnegie Gallery *Christi Berg: Waterfront* [essay 'On a twitch of the tide' by Jonathan Holmes; poems by Pete Hay] 2010

NN Gallery, Malaysia *Mohd Fauzi Sedon. Code: MY* [with essay 'Check Out!' by Jonathan Holmes] Selangor, Malaysia: 2011

JONATHAN HOLMES CURATED EXHIBITIONS

1985-2009

Tasmanian School of Art Gallery *Return to Sender: Work by Donna Marcus, Loretta Quinn and Vivienne Shark LeWitt* [exhibition and catalogue by Jonathan Holmes] 1985

Plimsoll Gallery *Lucien Dechaineux, 1869-1957: A Retrospective* [exhibition and catalogue by Jonathan Holmes] 1986

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Mildred Lovett: A Retrospective* [exhibition and catalogue by Jonathan Holmes] 1989

Pabellon de las Artes, Expo '92, *Sevilla Rediscovery: Australian Artists in Europe, 1982-1992* [exhibition curated by Jonathan Holmes with catalogue essays by Jonathan Holmes and Edward Colless; Spanish translation by John Brotherton], University of Tasmania, 1992

Plimsoll Gallery *The Barcelona Studio: Fragments of a brief history. Peter Atkins, Maureen Burns, Anne Ferran, Elizabeth Gower, Lorraine Jenyns and Paul Zika* [curated and essays by Jonathan Holmes and Maria Kunda with additional essay by Celia Lendis] 2003

University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery *Sun Ju Han's Islands*, 2004

Plimsoll Gallery *Atelier: Australian Artists in Paris, 1980-2000. Irene Briant, Stephen Bush, Anne MacDonald, Daniel Moynihan & Debra Phillips* [curated by Jonathan Holmes with essays by Jonathan Holmes, Maria Kunda and Robyn Ferrell; design by Yuko Katamani and Melanie Breen] 2004

Plimsoll Gallery *Flora Tasmanica* [curated by Les Blakebrough and Jonathan Holmes] 2005

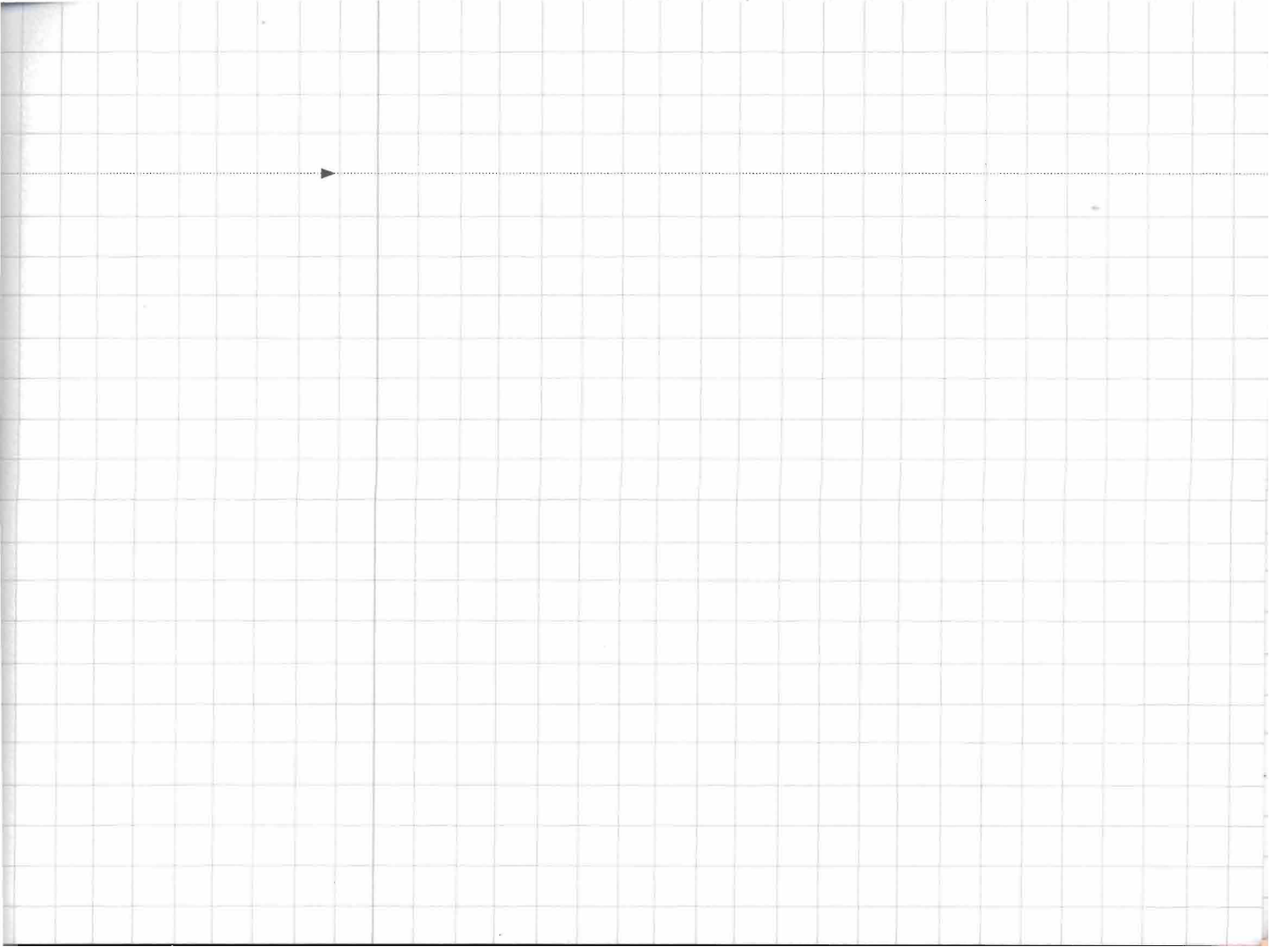
Plimsoll Gallery London: *Looking East* [curated by Jonathan Holmes with essays by Jonathan Holmes, Maria Kunda and Brigita Ozolins] 2005

Plimsoll Gallery *Senses of Place: Art in Tasmania, 1970-2005* [curated by Jonathan Holmes] 2006

Plimsoll Gallery Tokyo: *Floating World. Chad Chatterton, David Haines, Larissa Hjorth, Megan Keating, Janet Laurence, Craig Walsh & Kit Wise* [curated by Jonathan Holmes with additional essays by Larissa Hjorth and Megan Keating] 2007

Plimsoll Gallery *The Stuff of History* [curated by Jonathan Holmes] 2008

Plimsoll Gallery *The Wharmby Collection: Contemporary Art from Tasmania and South Australia* [curated by Pat Brassington and Jonathan Holmes] 2009



JOURNEYS: through history, theory and practice

29 July – 28 August 2011

Plimsoll Gallery, Tasmanian School of Art, University of Tasmania
Centre for the Arts, Hunter Street, Hobart, Tasmania
www.utas.edu.au/plimsoll

This catalogue and the associated exhibition marks the retirement of Emeritus Professor Jonathan Holmes after thirty-seven dedicated years at the Tasmanian School of Art.

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